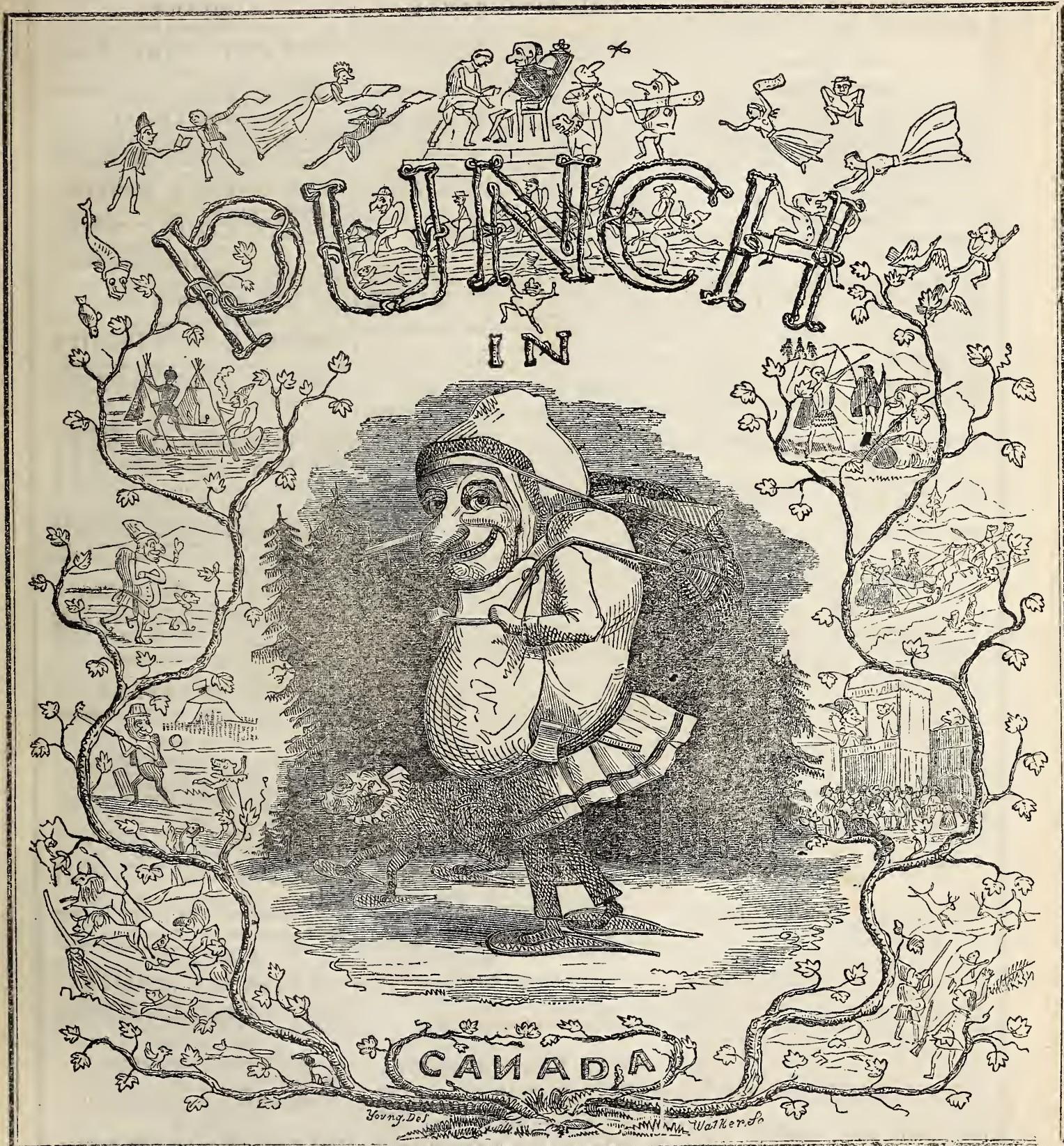


VOL. II.—N^o. 9.

MARCH 9, 1850.

PRICE 4D.



TORONTO: Printed for the Proprietor by ROWSELL & THOMPSON.

PUNCH'S ADVERTISING PAGE.

TORONTO, SIMCOE AND BURON RAILROAD UNION COMPANY.

UNION OF INTERESTS.

Capital--\$2,000,000.

An extensive Canadian Railroad Union Tirage, Founded upon the principle of the Art Unions of England, specially authorised by an Act of the Provincial Parliament, 12th Victoria, Chapter 199, and sanctioned by the Royal Assent of Her Majesty in Privy Council, July 30th, 1849,

Containing \$2,000,000 in Stock,

in various allotments of

\$100,000--\$40,000--\$20,000--\$10,000--\$5,000--\$2,000
\$1,000, &c.

The proceeds to be applied to construct a Railroad from Toronto to Lake Huron, touching at Holland Landing and Barrie. To be Publicly Drawn at the City Hall, Toronto, under the superintendence of Directors specially authorised by the Act of Incorporation, consisting of the following Gentlemen, viz:—

F. C. CAPREOL, Hon. H. J. BOULTON, JOHN HIBBERT, R. EASTON BURNS, J. C. MORRISON, M.P.P.,	CHARLES BERCY, J. DAVIS RIDOUT, GEORGE BARROW, ALBERT FURNISS, BEN. HOLMES, M.P.P.
---	--

Bankers:—Commercial Bank, M. D., Toronto, and its various Branches in Canada.

Every number to be drawn, and each number to have its fate decided in accordance with the plan directed by the Act of Incorporation.

Fourteen days public notice to be given previous to day of drawing.

F. C. CAPREOL, Manager,
Appointed by the Board of Directors.

GRAND PLAN:

2 magnificent allotments of \$100,000 in Stock.....	\$200,000
6 splendid do of 40,000 in Stock.....	240,000
10 extensive lots of 20,000 in Stock.....	200,000
16 large lots of 10,000 in Stock.....	160,000
20 allotments of 5,000 in Stock.....	100,000
50 allotments of 2,000 in Stock.....	100,000
100 allotments of 1,000 in Stock.....	100,000
250 allotments of 500 in Stock.....	125,000
500 allotments of 250 in Stock.....	125,000
2,500 allotments of 100 in Stock.....	250,000
5,000 allotments of 50 in Stock.....	250,000
7,500 allotments of 20 in Stock.....	150,000
15,000 allotments, amounting to.....	\$2,000,000

100,000 Contributions amounts to..... \$2,000,000

Being little more than five blanks to an allotment!!

Contributions \$20 each; Halves and Quarters in proportion.

THE SCRIP will be issued for allotments, within forty days after the drawing, on payment of twelve per cent. thereon, in compliance with the provisions of the Act of Incorporation.

This Grand and Important Plan is particularly deserving of attention from every class of the community in Canada and various parts of the United States, whether directly interested in Railroads or not. It has been projected as a great public advantage, that of opening a Railway communication across the Peninsula to the Far West, in connection with the lines now finished from New York and Boston, to Oswego—thus rendering the Northern Route, by Toronto to the Western States, shorter than any other by several hundred miles—the distance across the Peninsula being only about Eighty Miles, thus avoiding the circuitous and dangerous route by Lake Erie and the Southern shore of Lake Huron.

It is presumed that when this line of Railway is finished, it will be the best paying Stock in North America.

THE Applications for Tickets (enclosing remittances to be addressed, (post paid,) to

F. C. CAPREOL,
Manager.

Union Tirage Hall, }
Toronto, 1st January, 1850. }

PRINTING PAPER.

CONSTANTLY on hand, at the Warehouse of the YORK PAPER MILL, Yonge Street, Toronto, and at the Store of HELLIWELL & CO., Hamilton,

PRINTING PAPER,

of a first-rate quality, of which *Punch* is a specimen, of the following sizes:—

18 x 22, 21 x 31, 23 x 33, 24 x 34, 25 x 30, 26 x 40,
18 x 24, 22 x 32, 24 x 36, 25 x 37, 26 x 38, 26 x 41.

Any other size required made to order at short notice. Writing and Wrapping Paper also on hand.

J. EASTWOOD, JR., & CO., *Toronto*,
C. L. HELLIWELL & CO., *Hamilton*,
Proprietors of the York Paper Mill.

Jan. 25, 1850.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

HAMILTON.

THE most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the 'table d'Hôte, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B.—*Punch* is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars apply at his Office.

FALL GOODS FALLEN!

THAT goods manufactured expressly for a fall, should tumble is not to be wondered at! but that they should be up and down at the same instant of time may appear strange! But "truth is stranger than fiction," and MOSS and BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Clothing, &c.,
180 St. Paul Street,

Assert that their Fall Goods are up in quality and down in price. But all the ups and downs are not so advantageous to the PUBLIC OF MONTREAL! as the before mentioned ups and downs of MOSS.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT is gone up, and Montreal is down (in the mouth.) Rigid economy will soon purge up the mouth of Montreal with smiles, and by purchasing their Winter Clothing at

MOSS'S FAR-FAMED MART,

the careful man will best practice that best of all virtues, and repair the "RUIN AND DECAY" so pitifully spoken of in the GREAT ANNEXATION MANIFESTO. A saving of 10 per cent. is granted to all WHOLESALE and RETAIL customers of Moss and Brothers, whose Stock is the largest ever offered for sale in any concern in the City. In the Retail Department will be found every article of Fall and Winter Clothing. In the Wholesale all descriptions of Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vests, Furs, &c. &c. and a complete assortment of Buttons and Trimmings.

Clothes made to order, under the superintendence of a first-rate Cutter

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul St.

ASSEN BLY HOTEL,

127 King Street West, Toronto.

THE Subscriber having expended a large amount on the fitting up of this new and splendid establishment, respectfully informs his friends and the public, in consequence of his arrangements being completed, that he is now fully prepared to accommodate in the best style and on the most reasonable terms those gentlemen who may favour him with their patronage.

A TABLE D'HÔTE every day from one to two o'clock. Private Dinner Parties supplied with all the delicacies of the season. Orders for Luncheons, Suppers, &c., attended to on the shortest possible notice.

JAMES ELWOOD.

P. S. Gentlemen wishing to Mess together, can have dinner at any hour they may desire.

BOSTON BOOK STORE,

AND

GENERAL PERIODICAL AGENCY.

THE Subscriber respectfully intimates to the inhabitants of Toronto, that he has opened a branch of the above establishment at No. 6, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING STREET, for the sale of Cheap Literature. Having made arrangements with the principal Publishing Houses in the United States, he is enabled to sell all Books, Periodicals, &c., at Publishers' prices

The New York, Boston and Philadelphia Weekly Papers received, and single Nos. for sale. Catalogues ready in a few days, and will be delivered gratis on application at the store.

B. COSGROVE.

Toronto, Dec. 24, 1849.

BONUS

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO THE

Toronto Patriot.

THE Proprietor of the *Patriot* having made arrangements to purchase a number of copies of

PUNCH IN CANADA.

Will be prepared to supply them to all Subscribers to the *Toronto Patriot* paying in advance, at a subscription of Six Dollars per annum for the two publications.

The Weekly Patriot

Is published for 10s. per annum, or 7s. 6d. cash in advance. It is by far the largest and cheapest newspaper published in Canada.

ROWSELL & THOMPSON,
Printers and Publishers.
Toronto, Dec. 21, 1849.

MRS. CHARLES HILL,

PROFESSOR AND TEACHER OF

DANCING & CALISTHENICS,

RESPECTFULLY announces that her Academy for the above elegant accomplishments, is now open for the season, in the Large Room, first door North of the Court House, Church Street.

TERMS :

	Per Quarter.
Private Classes at the Academy, each Pupil	£2 10 0
Public " "	2 0 0
Twelve Private Lessons, at the Academy..	2 0 0
Six " "	1 5 0
Single Lesson	0 5 0

DAYS OF ATTENDANCE.

Wednesday and Saturday—Juvenile Class from 3 till 5

Adult Class—Monday and Wednesday, from 7 till 9.

Mrs. C. H. is prepared to wait on, and receive *Private Classes* in all the *New and Fashionable Ball Room Dances*, including the

Valse a cinq temps, La Redowa, and
Carilliarus Valse, Valse a deux temps.

For further particulars, apply to Mrs. CHARLES HILL, at her Academy, during the hours of tuition on Monday and Wednesday; or at her residence, late the Savings Bank, Duke Street.

Schools and Private Families attended.

Toronto, Nov. 26, 1849.

PUNCH IN CANADA

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a WEEKLY Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the Subscriber to the back numbers.. 7s. 6d.

Subscription for one year, from date of payment 15s. 0d.

Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—*Punch* advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his Office in Toronto, or to John McCoy's, Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to non-subscribers, away from the Metropolis, will be increased one half-penny to pay for the postage.—BOOKSELLERS "when found make a note of."

Punch informs every body that Mr. J. McCoy of Montreal, has the entire wholesale agency for Lower Canada.

Toronto, Jan. 1, 1850.

JOHN SALT,

HATTER AND FURRIER,

HAVING removed into the spacious premises lately occupied by BAYCE, McMURICH & CO., has now on hand a most superb Stock of FURS of all kinds.

CALL AND SEE.

66, Victoria Row, King Street, Toronto.

January 10, 1850.

"PUNCH IN CANADA."

A CARD.

MR. T. P. BESNARD has entered into an arrangement with the Proprietor of *PUNCH IN CANADA*, to act as Agent for that popular periodical. He will call on the patrons of Literature in Toronto and the neighbourhood, in the course of the next week, and hopes they will be prepared to receive him with OPEN PURSES.

55, King-street, February 6th, 1850.

PUNCH'S DINNER PHILOSOPHY.

A very interesting meeting of the Practical and Philosophical Dining Out Society, took place at the house of one of the members on Wednesday last, and several curious experiments were resorted to.

The President opened the proceedings with a few remarks on compasses, and gave a curious specimen of the compass of his own voice by singing a stave, which went from B in the bass to C in the treble.

A member of the association having called for a bottle of Champagne, proceeded to go through the following curious operation, which kept the room in a state of breathless attention throughout the entire process. He first divided, with a common pen knife, the lateral ligatures which secured the cork, an operation that was performed with so much nicety as to elicit loud applause from all present. He next applied a degree of pressure to that portion of the cork which rose above the neck of the bottle, and having carefully continued this process, so as to have it embraced at every point of its diameter, he suddenly applied the palm of his hand with considerable violence to the bottle, when a curious result presented itself. The cork flew with a loud explosion into the eye of a member who was watching the scene with interest, and a light frothy liquid streamed with considerable violence into the face of the president. The operator then poured the contents of the bottle into glasses; the contents of which were swallowed by the company as speedily as possible.

The most interesting part of this proceeding consisted, however, in the description of the sensations experienced by those who took part in it.

The gentleman who received the cork in his eye, and still holding his handkerchief over the organ alluded to, gave the following very graphic particulars: "after seeing the operator strike the bottom of the bottle with his hand, I felt a smart blow, which appeared at once to affect the brow, the lash, the pupil and the ball of my left eye; when, from sympathy, my other eye immediately closed (*hear, hear*). It then struck me (*loud cheers*) that there was a smart pain in my left organ of vision, and there was a sort of flashing sensation in the part affected, that was exceedingly interesting, and in the highest degree curious. Having placed my pocket handkerchief over my eye, I found that on opening the right I could perceive surrounding objects; but on withdrawing the protection from the left eye, it seemed to open and close with a rapidity, that is very aptly described as being like winking. For a few moments I experienced an unpleasant sensation, but ultimately the organ resumed its ordinary functions." The honourable member was loudly cheered at the conclusion of his explanation.

The President, on being called upon, briefly remarked that he had heard an explosion, and felt his face suddenly suffused with a cold decoction; and having put out his tongue, he ascertained that "the mixture" bore a sweet, and at the same time, an acid character. He confessed that he felt no peculiar impulse, unless it were to try the effect of the bottle itself upon the head of the gentleman who had occasioned the combination of the contents with the cutaneous covering of his (the President's) countenance.

The meeting was kept up until a late hour; and the members eventually became so heated by the liquor that was introduced for the purpose of sustaining their philosophic energies, that some very powerful operations were ultimately resorted to. Among other things, it was ascertained, beyond doubt, that the human head is capable of resisting the pressure of a decanter, brought down at an angle of fifty-six, with the arm of an individual opposite; but it was observed, as a curious result, that instead of the superficial plane of the skull showing any indentation, it invariably gave symptoms of having sensibly risen on the part with which the metal had come in contact.

It was also satisfactorily shewn, that the force employed in the social operation, usually called "the honours" after drinking a toast, imparts a centrifugal force to a tumbler, which is sufficient to bring it in contact with a window at a distance of fourteen feet, and it was proved more than once in the course of the evening, that the ordinary wine glass will not resist the force of an ordinary blow against a plane surface of mahogany.

The meeting broke up at a very late hour, and some of the

philosophers continued their experiments upon glass after they had reached the streets, by a few practical operations with the lamps in the public thoroughfares; which it is expected would have been put a stop to by the police; had there been any police in Toronto to put a stop to it.

THE POST OFFICE REBELLION.

[BY EXPRESS.]

This morning, at an early hour, we were thrown into the greatest consternation by the general rush of the citizens of Toronto to the Post-office, who, with fierce cries, demanded the Post-office authorities to stand and deliver. We expected the worst.

7 o'clock.—The worst has not yet happened. A desperate clerk is now hammering fiercely at the wooden window. The entire staff of the P. O., the man and the boy, are to be seen through the pigeon holes in a fearful state of excitement.

8 o'clock.—The excitement continues. The Post-Master is nowhere to be found.

10 minutes past 8.—The insurgents have, some of them, knocked the skin off their knuckles against the P. O. lumber. A pigeon hole has been smashed. The Post-Master has been seen at breakfast. He resolutely insists on swallowing boiling coffee.

½ past 8.—A deputation has waited on the Post-Master, headed by Punch. He has scalded his throat. It is expected he will resign.

20 minutes past 8.—The excitement continues. There is no change in the P. O. The boy has refused a bad copper. The Post-Master refuses to resign.

22 minutes past 8.—**THE POST-MASTER HAS RESIGNED.**

23 minutes past 8.—The letters are delivered. The crowd has dispersed.

½ past 8.—The Post-Master has been restored and is evincing great courage and activity. A fire engine has been mounted on the roof of the Post-office to put out the flame of public impatience, should it again burst forth. The Post-Master's throat causes him great pain, but his resolution is undaunted.

9 o'clock.—All is perfectly quiet. The government messengers are receiving their despatches as usual. The inhabitants are going about their business, as if nothing had happened. The Post-master and his staff, the man and the boy, may be seen quietly attending to their duties. The revolution is over, and the Imperial provision for the postal accommodation of the citizens of Toronto remains as incomplete and meagre as before.

GREAT DISCOVERY.

An iron-bound box, which has for nearly three years been deposited in the ministerial Council Chamber, lately attracted the notice of the Hon. Francis Hincks. It was found to contain the *promises* of the members of the Administration, before they came into power. This discovery caused considerable excitement, and it is understood a work of fiction will be founded on these neglected documents, to be edited in broken English by the Hon. L. H. Lafontaine.

THE MARKETS.

From our own reporter.

Barley is very dull

And wheat is rather shy,
Oats keep their prices full,
But there's a fall in rye.

In oil, the chief transaction
Has been confined to flasks;
Sugar gives satisfaction,
Some has been sold in casks.

There have been strange devices,
Pepper to sell in bags;

But all the trade in spices
Materially flags.

The canvas trade lies fallow,
Nothing is done in sails;
The attempt to get off tallow
At present sadly fails.

Hyson is getting higher;
Of rice they've sold one lot;
Trust would have found a buyer,
But none was to be got.

THE GREAT UNIVERSAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION
OF 1851.



VFR and over again have we been asked the question, — "What is Canada meditating, with a view to entering the lists in the great tournament of ingenuity and art, for which arrangements are now in progress?" This is the question with which we are hourly greeted, and with which, we, in turn, greet the greeters. "What is Canada meditating?"—and the universal, deliberate and triumphant reply to the above query is, "walnut tables,—black walnut tables." Is this, then, the wildest flight of imagination of which Canada is capable? Like her own wild turkey, is she unable to soar higher than the top of a black walnut tree?—or, is the glory of Canada, like a brass candlestick, never so brilliant as when reflected in the face of a polished black walnut table? Truly some Eliza Cook should arise amongst the people, and having started her domestic muse somewhere amongst the sofa cushions, drive it, full cry, across a fine carpet country studded with chairs, and finally run it to earth under the black walnut table. Songs, like ivy, must be woven around the walnut tree of Canada. "The brave old oak," celebrated in numbers, has brought forth many a cheer at the bacchanalian board; and Punch flatters himself that a forthcoming effusion of his, entitled "The close-grained and productive old black walnut," will at once and for ever be established as the national song of Upper Canada.

Yet, Punch would not have a black walnut table exhibited in England, as a type of the resources of his adopted country. There are young men in Canada, he is proud to say, possessed of souls as far above black walnut, as the lofty hemlock towers over the dwarf dog-wood. In the youth of a country, is its greatness ever reflected; and thus, measuring the glory of Canada by the ingenuity of her young men in devising and constructing curious drinks, John Prince's idea of setting up an independent republic, really does not appear so very Utopian. The "bar" of nations, Canada, would then no longer "pale her ineffectual fires" in the blaze of the mighty republic which keeps her in hot water; but her great city of Whiskey-and-water-ville, formerly Toronto, might command an annual convention of the thirsty souls of all nations—a great industrial exhibition of manufactures from her native whiskey: and it is in connexion with this idea, that Punch ventures a suggestion as to the most characteristic work of ingenuity, in his opinion, which could possibly be transmitted to England as the representative of Canadian manufactures. The scientific instrument to which Punch refers, is that popularly known as the "swizzle-stick," and is, at once, the growth of Canadian soil, and an emblem of the tendencies and pursuits of the young men of Canada. By the uninitiated, some idea of the general appearance of the swizzle-stick may be formed from the subjoined cut. The manufacture of the swizzle-stick is simple, and may be described as follows. Select from amongst its congeners of the pine forest, a tender young spruce, the apex of which is surrounded with a regular growth of radiating branches. Sever, with the sharpest of Sheffield blades, the topmost six inches of the devoted child of the wilderness, from the remainder of its stem. Cut the collateral ramifications so as to give them a diameter of two inches and three quarters. Peel, and your swizzle-stick is complete. By introducing the instrument, with its radiated end downwards, into a tumbler of whiskey-and-water, or any other cheap consolation, and imparting to it a rapid revolving motion between the palms of the hands, as represented in the next cut, a pleasant effervescence is produced, rendering the humblest "cold-without" as grateful to the palate as the most costly champagne. Punch is probably the first who has thus minutely described the swizzle-



stick; though Emerson clearly refers to it in one of his poems, where he makes his passionate and eloquent pine tree exclaim—

Cut a bough from the parent stem,
And dip it in thy porcelain vase, &c.

Essentially American then, in its growth and application, Punch would insist upon the swizzle-stick being substituted for the walnut table, as the type of Canada's ingenuity and resources. In connexion with the above suggestion, much interesting information was elicited during an inquiry recently instituted by Punch, as to the effects and capabilities of the instrument referred to. Mr. Fitzcocktail, whose portrait is given in the annexed cut, gave his evidence as follows:

Is now forty-two years of age; but, owing to free indulgence in whiskey cocktails, has frequently passed for seventy-five. Considers this an advantage, as it gives him a standing in society, on the score (or rather three score and five) of antiquity, which he could never hope otherwise to attain to, without the trouble of living up to it. Is thinner in the legs, in proportion to his unusually large girth, than any body else he ever met.



His nose, also, is redder than the noses of more abstemious men; and although his head is nearly bald, yet he is happy to say what hair is left upon it is greyer and more lankey than that with which the human head is generally adorned. Once had a steady hand, and despised himself for it. It is impossible for a man with a steady hand to keep the sugar in his drink in a proper state of suspension, while carrying it to his mouth. Believes that he owes much to the "muddler,"—a weapon used for pounding the sugar,—but still more to swizzle-stick. Thinks that, as an article of commerce, the latter instrument would be a matter of considerable lucre to the country, and of incalculable benefit to mankind at large. Knows that Father Matthew came to America with an eye to this, and that he is at present superintending a plantation of swizzle-sticks some where in Virginia. Emigrated to this country when very young, because he read that whiskey was to be had for ten pence a gallon. Has no relations. They all died of *delirium tremens*. Has had that disorder himself, and at this moment sees a dragon coming in at the stove-pipe hole, and *knows* that it is coming for him. What business has that old snake?

Here Mr. Fitzcocktail became violent, and had to be removed in a cab. Subsequently others were examined; and the combined testimony of all completely upset the black walnut table, leaving the swizzle-stick "alone in its glory," as the proper and true representative of Canada, at the approaching contest. Punch, therefore, hopes that proper measures will at once be taken; and a deputation of "muddlers" selected, for the purpose of conveying the Swizzle-stick of Canada to its high destination at the meeting of Nations.

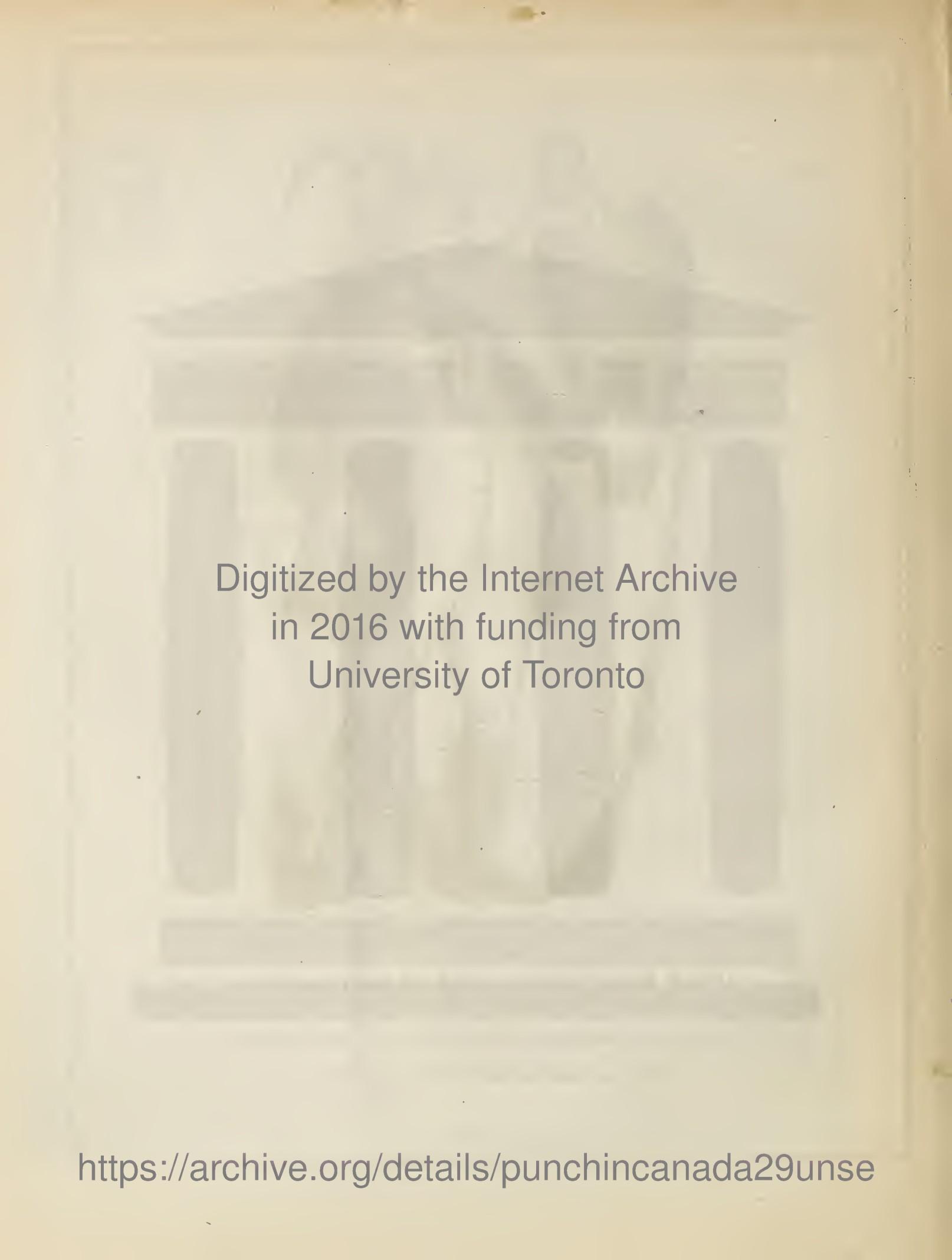
VERY STRANGE.

Colonel Prince is said to know himself; and yet no man has so completely forgot himself.



WHAT JOHN PRINCE *MUST* BE DRIVING AT.

To be appointed Gamekeeper-General of the new Republic, so that
he may go hawking with the American Eagle.

A very faint, light gray watermark-style illustration of a classical building with four prominent columns and a triangular pediment occupies the background of the page.

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<https://archive.org/details/punchincanada29unse>

A VISION.

Punch saw a revel in a dream—
It was a gorgeous scene—
The shining gold and glittering gems,
Were emblems of a queen.
The revellers wore the robe that erst,
Had decked the buried great,
As though they had gone down to the tomb,
And robb'd them of their state.

But there was 'mid that gorgeous crowd,
An old and childish man,
The revel's splendour only made,
His cheek appear more wan;
None seem'd to mark his presence there,
None heard his feeble tone,
And 'mid the joyous revellers
Poor Prince—he stood alone.

The *loyal* cup that graced the board,
With gems was studded o'er,
A priceless goblet, fit to hold
The priceless wine it bore:
The recreant man just clasped the cup,
Then loosed it from his hold
And said, "O God! what joy is there,
For every drop's worth gold."

Old Time had worked most manfully,
That feast to furnish forth,
And art had, like a robber forced,
Her riches from the earth.
The foolish man gazed wistfully;
How throb'd his bursting heart!
As thus he spake "I've cast away
The life-blood of my heart."

A low-born man, in home-spun dressed,
Looked at poor Prince and laughed,
He raised the wine-cup to his lips,
And took a hearty draught.
"Would I might taste!" the traitor cried,
"And then I should not die;"
The man passed on; his honest laugh
Mocking the driv'lers cry.

The pageant passed—the noonday's sun
Shone on the revellers' sleep,
It glared into the old man's room—
His slumber was more deep.
The loyal; was on bed of straw,
With sweet content o'erspread:
The traitor; on his bed of down,
Was ghastly as the dead.

PUNCH'S DREAM.

The other night we had a dream. We thought we saw a caterpillar trying to spit at a sunbeam. We woke and found John Prince, plain John Prince: John Prince the English Gentleman, squinting ink at his native land and her institutions; and eulogizing the land of bowie-knives and bunkum. Punch wished he had never woken.

LOWER CANADIAN CON.

What number in French expresses a visit paid by a gentleman to his father's sister? Saw his aunt? (*Soixante.*)

PUNCH'S OWN.

Why is a widow just married like my inex—bles? Because she's re-paired.

Why is "Punch's own pun" like wine made hot? Because it's a mull.

CLIENTS VERSUS LAWYERS.

Looking into the chronicles of the past, this is, perhaps, a greater cause than any yet recorded in the books. England's brightest legal luminaries never gave judgment in a weightier, graver case than that in which the lawyer-cheated and lawyer-ridden people of Canada call upon their statesmen and their judges to decide. It involves the interests of every man, woman, and child in the United Provinces. The spirit of truth, of justice, and of humanity, is invoked to decide against the lawyers. Let us take a single one of their victims.

What a miserable tatterdemalion is the plaintiff! Look at his shrunk and withered anatomy. The dishonest or the grasping lawyer has him in his clutches. Daily hunger has pinched his bloodless cheek, and utter weariness of spirit has blighted the very look of man. He is as if of God forsaken, wriggling helplessly in the meshes of the evil one. The earth—the magnificent and prodigal earth, is spread as one wide banquet for the mouth of man: and the lawyer-stricken paragon of animals looks with glazing eye and whitening lips upon the feast, forbidden to sit down and eat by his plunder-gorged master.

The plaintiff is upon the floor of the court, he humbly petitions that punishment shall be meted out to the legal-swindler who has deprived him of his all, the proceeds of his daily toil, and has cast him naked upon the world, destitute alike of lodging, food and raiment. The evidence of his wrongs is in his withered ghastly face, and the rags that hang about him, his witnesses, his careworn, haggard wife and children, the puny, stunted offspring of despairing want; creatures made prematurely old by daily misery, for whom the earth has no one pleasant place, but all is barrenness. The plaintiff—poor wretch!—sues, of course, *in forma pauperis*. God help his case.

The defendant employs for his counsel that very learned lawyer, Dr. Mammon. What a prosperous, full flushed face he has! How ignominious does the plaintiff look! how vast his insolence—appearing and pleading against such an advocate. The very tones of the plaintiff's voice condemn him, whilst the tongue of the learned Doctor—oh! it hath brought down angels from their starry homes, to soil and stain themselves with earthly dirt. But does Mammon revile and bully the plaintiff he has robbed? Does he call him idler, reprobate! Does he learnedly contend, that whatever may be the paleness of the plaintiff's face, such pallor is altogether cunningly assumed—that his rags are not rags—that his children are the very imps of rosy revelry? Oh, no! Mammon has given up that line of defence. Mammon has become tender-hearted. He cries out against the ingratitude of the plaintiff who was plundered for his good. He pulls out his snowy handkerchief, he applies it to his eyes, and outweeps crocodile at the black-heartedness of the man he has swindled. The plaintiff was already ruined when he got hold of him—he was in the mud—he only plunged him a little deeper. He admits the case is hard—very hard; but the plaintiff has no business in court—the court can do nothing for him. Mammon has sympathy, deep sympathy—only less deep than his breeches pockets, for the plaintiff; and therefore in the excess of such feeling he advises the plaintiff to return to his cellar (if he has one,) and gather his wife and children about him, and since they must all starve, let him bolt the door, and famish in quiet so as not to disturb the neighbours.

Delivered of this advice, Dr. Mammon feels himself as a good christian angel, and goes home to revel in the luxuries of this world, purchased with the plunder of the needy, the widow and the orphans.

RATHER T'OTHER.

The "Clear-Grit" organs assure us that although Malcolm Cameron has quitted the Ministry, he nevertheless has the greatest regard for the Cabinet as it stands. This is like the gentleman who always expressed the most devoted affection for his wife, yet always swore that no power on earth should make him live under the same roof with her.

To Correspondents.—Punch cannot admit into his columns the joke about Noah being the first purveyor of provisions, because he took Ham into the ark.

AN OLD SONG, NEWLY APPLIED.

Dedicated, without permission, to Malcolm Cameron, Esquire.

Believe me, if all those contemptible lies
You uttered so boldly one day,
Were smashed in an hour by crushing replies,
Like cobwebs brushed out of the way;
You still would continue to speak and to write,
Let them prove that you lie as they will,
Round the tree of retrenchment your venomous spite
Will coil itself, serpent like; still.

'Tis not, while "clear grits" of the press are your own,
And your slander is met by a cheer,
That the falsehood and spleen of your words can be known,
Which time will but render more clear;
For the man who by habit lies often forgets,
And himself contradicts at the close,
As the wise politician will vote, when he sets,
Against all that he said when he rose.

THE STATE OF THE STREETS.

Our effort to throw the light of civilization and reason over the darkness of the Annexationists has been successful; but our triumph over the obstinacy of the Government and the Corporation will not be complete till we have paved the way for the progress of the human race, which is now obliged to walk up to its knees in mud for want of the roads and footpaths being properly attended to. The pass from the City Hall and the Bee-hive to the Government-House and the western frontier, on the one hand, and to the bridge of the Don, on the other, is a sort of Pontine marsh in miniature. The passage is exceedingly dangerous; and, indeed, has been compared to the Goodwin Sands; for it is very possible that a nursery maid starting with a cargo of children may flounder on the frightful flats and mud shoals of this barbarous city. The authorities met the other day at the City Hall Pump to consider what was to be done; and one of the body being unanimously called to the spout, he held forth with copious eloquence for nearly a quarter of an hour. It was ultimately agreed to offer to buy the heads of the Annexationist party, at the price of old lumber, and lay them down as far as they would go instead of pavement, by way of experiment. It being considered this must be the toughest material of which a road could be constructed.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Much interest is at present excited among the patrons of field sports, by the anticipated grand national Cricket match which is about to come off between the Annexationists and all England clubs.

The merits of the players on both sides have given rise to great discussion. The Annexation party seem certain of victory, and do not hesitate backing themselves, at very considerable odds, to run up a much greater score than their opponents. Both "sets" have been in active training, and a report just received from Sherbrooke speaks in the highest terms of the masterly manner in which the Annexation players in that county delivered their underhand balls, and bowled out the opposite players. The measure of the ground, it is believed by Punch, will be taken on the "protection" principle. Ben Holmes, of Montreal, handles the balls at starting, and H. B. Willson will act as his longstop; while Sanborn, the Sherbrooke player, and Colonel Prince are marked down as the scouts, and it is believed they are capital boys to keep the game alive according to the true go-a-head principles. The all England party are very sweet on Sir Allan McNab, though his opponents hold him very cheaply, as in the last match, between the Conservative and Destructive Clubs, when his side had the innings, they scored nothing but a few bye-balls and overthrows, notwithstanding the length of time it took before the Destructives could manage to stir their stumps. It is thought the heavy pressure of 20 per cent. duty on corn will cripple a good many of the fielders; but nevertheless, those most interested in the game declare they will hobble on while they have a leg to stand upon.

Lord Elgin insists on remaining in Canada, that he may be on the ground, when, like most Scotchmen, he will be on the

look out for any good catch from either side. A tent will be pitched for the people and the people will be pitched into by all the players at every available opportunity.

GREAT INVENTION.

It is confidently asserted that an aerial annexation company has been formed at Detroit, and that they have applied to the gallant Col. Prince for assistance. Punch thinks that the advice of the gallant Colonel cannot be much depended on, seeing that his experience seems to have been acquired in losing the wind instead of raising it: although from the manner in which he has lately been engaged in building castles in the air, he may possibly furnish the company with some account of the scaffolding and materials that he employs; although if punch might advise the company, he would say that Colonel Prince is not competent to take any part in an aerial scheme, his undertakings having invariably fallen to the ground.

BROAD HINTS.

To LORD ELGIN.—The mail-steamers, across the atlantic, will shortly commence their weekly trips.

To FRENCH M.P.'S.—Upper Canadians don't understand your mother tongue.

To CALEB HOPKINS.—An abridgment of Murray's English Grammar may be had cheap at any of the booksellers.

To MINISTERS.—Annexation will secure to the Church of England the possession of the Clergy Reserve and the Rectory Endowments.

To ANNEXATIONISTS.—Read Lord John Russell on "peaceful separation."

To THE PUBLIC.—Punch in Canada sells himself at fourpence a copy, or a yearly contribution of fifteen shillings.

CHARACTER NO OBJECT.

We presume that Lord Elgin in his own household, whenever he is hiring a new servant, always studiously enquires whether he has a "good character from his last place." We only wish, when he is engaging a servant for the public, he would exercise the same discretion. If a question to the above effect had only been put to a certain Commissioner of the Board of Works, who has lately been taken into service, we are sure the gentleman would have been told to suit himself with a place elsewhere.

LADIES FASHION FOR EVER.

A merry good morning while making the tea,
A face full of smiles and a breast full of glee;
A hand ever open to charity's call:
A heart for your friends, and a welcome for all.
Kind words for your neighbours who've nothing to fear
From the scandal, alas! to most women dear.
Let these be your fashions—nor be anxious to roam
From the place you look best in—your own happy home.

MODESTY AGAIN.

We understand that the Hon. Malcolm Cameron has forwarded an illustrated copy of his celebrated speech, at Nelson, to the reigning Sultan of Turkey, with a very appropriate preface and dedication from the celebrated pen of the Solonic editor of the *Provincialist*, by whom this great work has been revised and corrected. The Hon. Malcolm Cameron, true to his reciprocity principles, merely requests that the Sultan will be good enough to forward him in return for this astonishing literary effort, one pipe of the "Sublime Porte" he has heard so much about.

THERE IS WISDOM IN DOING NOTHING.

Statesmen have generally been distinguished for their "*savoir faire*"; the Baldwin-Lafontaine statesmen are distinguished for their *savoir rien faire*.